

Pins & Needles by CeruleanHeart

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Banter, Bisexual Male Character, Dirty Talk, Dom/sub Undertones, Don't Try This At Home, Drunken Flirting, Ear Piercings, Fingerfucking, Fluff, M/M, Masturbation, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Sexual Tension, Some Humor, Underage Drinking, and a bit of, and a weird case of, that means trigger warning for needles, yeah this comes with smut now

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-05

Updated: 2018-03-21

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:27:04

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,652

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve loses a bet and Billy gets to pierce his ear as a punishment. But in the end a night that started out as one of rivalry turns into something else and they both get a little more than they've bargained for.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I should finish my multi chapter fics before I write anything else but this weird little thing really wanted to be written and wouldn't leave me alone so here you go.

Seriously, though. This ship is wrecking me, send help please!

This is officially the second worst night of Steve Harrington's life... but only because he's got pretty high standards when it comes to bad nights nowadays, what with all the fighting monsters from another dimension and shit.

The one thing that his worst night and this night have in common though, is Billy Hargrove. Right now he's got him in what Steve is pretty sure is a professional wrestling hold. He can't move, he can't breathe, his arm twisted behind his shoulder, one of Hargrove's knees on his back and the guy's elbow pressing his face into the sofa cushions.

"I told you to hold still." Billy hisses. "What did I tell you, pretty boy?"

"Hold still..." Steve's voice comes out muffled and strained, his eyes tearing up with anger about his defeat and humiliation.

"That's right. Be good now Harrington and I promise it'll only hurt a little bit."

Steve simply nods because he needs all his willpower not to cuss at the other boy and finally Billy releases his grip. The air rushes back into his lungs and he lies on the couch panting watching in horror as Tommy slowly, ceremoniously hands a long, shining sewing needle to Hargrove. He holds it up for a moment, so everyone can see the instrument of what is going to be the execution of Steve's pride. Then he puts it over the flame of his lighter until it's black, sterilized.

The crowd assembled around them watches in silent suspense, there are people craning their necks and standing on their tiptoes just to get a better look. Somewhere in the background the party is still going on but right now Steve is the centre of attention. He can feel their eyes on him, there's no way the needle can sting worse than their looks.

It's his own damn fault, really. Steve's got no one else to blame. Challenging Billy on his title for keg king would've been a stupid move for pretty much anyone but for Steve Harrington it was nothing else but the public declaration of a death wish.

He never had a chance, not with the way Billy can drink, like a goddamn fish! But once you set off on a road of self-destruction, it's pretty hard to turn back. Of course the asshole had to up the ante, turn it into a huge fucking bet in front of everyone, play one of the little games he enjoys so much. And now Steve is spread out on the couch, like a human sacrifice, waiting to get his ear pieced by someone legally insane.

He shouldn't have come here in the first place. It's a lame ass party anyways, Steve only showed up because he didn't want to spend another weekend in an empty house, feeling dumped, picturing Jonathan Byers sticking it in his ex-girlfriend.

"Apple." Billy demands with the authority of a king, startling Steve from his contemplation.

Someone hands him an apple slice that's dyed pink from the punch they fished it out of. Why the fuck bother with sterilizing the needle? That's an infection hazard right there. Billy doesn't even have the courtesy of granting Steve some ice to numb his flesh. He's going to make him take the needle raw and Steve can't complain, can't talk his way out of this, else he'll be known as the sore loser that chickened out for the rest of his natural born life. He'd like to at least keep the scraps of what is left of his dignity.

Billy leans over, brushes Steve's hair out of the way, tucks it behind his ear, picks up stray strands carefully and places the apple slice behind his earlobe. The way he touches him would be so close to counting as a caress, if his intentions weren't downright vicious.

Steve tries not to flinch at the contact but then Hargrove gives him a sickeningly, sweet smile and gently runs his knuckles across his temple. It feels so wrong on so many levels it makes Steve's blood curdle. This batshit crazy fucker gets off on hurting people, there's no doubt. He can see it in his eyes, there's something in them, something savage, a kind of hunger that borders on lust.

"God, Harrington." Billy murmurs low, so low the others can't hear him "You're so fucking beautiful when you're being obedient."

And then he brings the needle down, sinks it so deep into Steve's flesh that it doesn't only pierce through his earlobe but the apple slice as well and he feels the tip coming out on the other end, scraping the sensitive skin of his neck.

It hurts like a bitch.

Steve grits his teeth but he doesn't scream he'd rather die than give Billy the satisfaction. Billy however sees right through him and he doesn't like it. He snarls and twists the needle until a pained gasp escapes Steve's lips.

Only after that does he smack him on the back of the head with as satisfied grin and then leaps to his feet pumping his fist in the air. The crowd fucking roars in applause and Billy savours their worship like the trash king that he is, banging his fists on his chest gorilla style, high fiving and head butting his cronies.

"HARGROVE! HARGROVE!" the people chant, spilling their drinks all over themselves in drunken ecstasy.

Steve touches his ear, feels the shorter part of the needle sticking out in front, the apple slice impaled and stuck to the back. His fingers come away wet and red and his entire ear is throbbing with pain. Shit, he's probably lucky the drunken bastard didn't miss and poked out his eye instead.

Now seems like a good opportunity to get the fuck out and take a look at the damage. Billy's distracted, showering in short lived high school party glory, getting high on his victory. Steve slips off the couch and shoves his way through the crowd.

Whose house is that again? Shit, he doesn't really remember the beer he's binged earlier is finally kicking in. Steve's ear and his neck feel wet and cold and people are staring at him, so he's probably still bleeding. He staggers to the first door he finds but it turns out to be a closet that's already occupied by two freshmen frenching each other's brains out. Door number two is a much better choice because there's a bathroom behind it.

Steve stumbles to the sink and takes a look at himself in the mirror above it. Holy fucking shit, it's bad! The apple slice is still in place securely fixed to his ear and there's a trail of blood running down his neck, staining the collar of his shirt.

He doesn't know what to do so he follows his first impulse and pries the fucking piece of fruit off, moving the needle in the process. Dammit, that hurts! He drops the slice in the sink, hissing in pain. Ok, the needle is next. Shit, what to do? Pull it out? Push it through? Steve goes for option number one and gives a tentative pull.

"OW! FUCK!" the pain makes his eyes water and he lets his hand fall again without getting anywhere with the needle. That thing is fucking huge, Steve doesn't know a lot about sewing but he can't imagine what you'd need such a monster needle for. Not for putting buttons back on a shirt.

God, he should have never gotten himself in to this. But oh, the temptation! Their words from earlier echo in his head.

"If you lose I get to pierce your preppy boy ear, Harrington."

*"Ok, but if **you** lose I'm shaving your white trash head."*

What a wonderful, downright delightful prospect that had been. Ok, so Billy only agreed because he knew Steve didn't stand a chance but hey, an opportunity to take the wool off Hargrove's head? Seeing him walk around bald? Who would've said no to that? Not Steve, no way.

Ok, breathe. Focus. He's got to do it quicker this time, like pulling off a band aid. No biggie. Girls pierce each other's ears on sleepovers all the time, he's heard. If they can do it, he can.

Just when Steve puts his hand back on the needle, the door flies open. Billy barges in, a vodka bottle in one hand, a cigarette in the

other, looking drunk and deranged.

“HARRINGTON!” he roars and points the bottle at Steve “I’m not done with you yet!”

Steve’s heart almost jumps out of his chest with shock. The jerk really came after him? The nerve of that guy!

„You made a fucking hole in me, Hargrove! You staked my ear! You’re as done with me as humanly possible.” Steve shouts back because he’s been putting up a good face until now but hell, he’s angry!

“I’m the one who decides that.”

“Go fuck yourself!” Steve’s voice comes out too shrill, too scared to get the message across.

“Are you crying?” Billy drops his cigarette and stomps it out, leaving an ugly burn mark on the bath rug.

“NO?! I’M NOT!” shit there’s still water in his eyes from trying to get the needle out. He wipes the tears away quickly with the back of his hand.

“I think you are, Harrington. What the hell, I told you to be good and I wouldn’t hurt you. Why won’t you listen to me? Come here.”

If Steve didn’t know any better he’d think Billy sounded almost apologetic.

“Don’t come near me you fucking psycho.” He spits.

“Stop making a fuss, princess. Lemme see that! Jesus Christ, that’s not the first ear I’ve pierced.”

“Wait, you’ve done that before?” is this some kind of standard party gag for Hargrove or what?

“Sure.” he shrugs. “Did this here myself.”

He points at his own earring and Steve’s mouth forms a silent o.

Billy steps towards Steve. He cups his chin and turns his head so he can get a better look at the ear. Steve isn't sure why he lets him but maybe it's because of the unspoken promise that Hargrove isn't going to do anything to him that he hasn't done to himself. That doesn't account for much but at least it means he's not going to kill him. Maybe?

"It's swollen pretty bad. Did you play with it?" Billy laughs his ass off like the massacre on Steve's ear isn't his own work.

"Shut up! I just tried to get it out. Why'd you have to stick it in so deep?" Steve regrets saying that as soon as the words have left his mouth. Aw shit, he walked right into this one.

Billy gives him a leering smile and licks his lips.

"Because that's how I do it, pretty boy." He replies, hot breath drifting over Steve's face, making him flush all over.

"Gimme a break, Hargrove."

Billy laughs again but lower, more dangerous, more... seductive. The sound makes Steve's skin tingle and he jerks his chin out of Billy's grip.

"Don't be mad. I brought you something, princess." He coos at Steve and lifts the vodka bottle with a grin.

"Thanks, I think I've had enough to drink."

"It's not for drinking, stupid. It's for disinfecting. Wouldn't want your, pretty, pretty ear to rot off, would you?" Billy chides gently, like Steve is a little slow. Maybe he is, he feels drunker by the minute.

"No." Steve says breathless with the realization that Billy is here to actually help, in his own twisted way. "I wouldn't want that."

"Good."

Billy sets down the bottle on the counter of the sink with a small clink. Then he grabs Steve by the hips, lifts him up like he doesn't weigh more than a child and sits him next to it. He parts Steve's

knees and settles between his thighs comfortably with a hum.

“What are you doing?” Steve’s voice is a hoarse whisper as Billy slides his hands in his dark hair, cradling his head.

“Taking care of you.”

Steve gets the double entendre, he’s not that slow. But Billy is so close it sends all his senses into overdrive, so he doesn’t have a comeback ready right away.

He can feel the other boy’s body heat radiating off him like he’s the sun and Steve is the moon bathing in his rays. His skin, where his inner thighs touch Billy’s hips through the fabric of their jeans, is burning, melting away from the heat. And god, he smells him too, all cologne and cigarettes, and beer and vodka breath but underneath that only Billy, his warm skin, his fresh sweat. The guy is a walking pheromone bomb and dammit his scent is so familiar. Steve knows it pretty well actually, because they touch a lot. Like all the time, to be honest. Not in a friendly way but definitely too much for enemies as well.

“The last time you took care of me you almost cracked my skull.” Steve grumbles when he finally finds his tongue again.

“Yeah about that... “ Billy looks up at him with a cheerful spark in his eyes “You really need to learn how to fight.”

“You’re such an ass. Would it kill you to apologize?”

“Yeah. Yeah, it would.”

“You’re impossible.”

“I hear that a lot.”

“I bet you do.” Steve bites his lip and doesn’t miss how Billy’s eyes drift to his mouth, how he tugs him closer, slowly, carefully, inch by inch.

Billy parts his lips to say something or do something, Steve never knows because before anything can happen, Tommy barges in

slamming the door against the wall. He freezes when he sees them locked in an almost-kiss.

“Ok, what the hell is going on here!?” his eyes are wide with surprise.

Steve almost jumps out of his skin when he sees Tommy and snaps his head back away from the other boys touch. Billy on the other hand doesn't seem fazed at all he slowly turns to Tommy with a dangerous growl.

“It's called first aid, you moron. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT!” he barks and throws the bar of lavender soap from next to the sink at him with a vicious fling.

It only misses Tommy by half an inch and shatters the glass on a picture that's hung in the hallway behind him. The boy jumps back in shock.

“Christ! I'm sorry man, I didn't...”

“OUT.”

“Ok, ok...” Tommy lifts his hands in defense and backs out the door slowly, closing it in the process, but not without giving Steve a curious glance. He's frozen to the spot, Billy between his legs, hyper aware of the situation. Steve doesn't think he's ever sobered up as fast as that in his entire life. It's a little nauseating.

Notes for the Chapter:

Urgh, Tommy. King of cockblockers. Go home!

Anyway, thanks for reading, hope you liked part one! Part two is already on the way and we'll see a little bit more action in this one.

If you feel like it, do let me know what you think! I'm always happy to hear some feedback.

[Also, do I have a slight kink for blood and like to hurt my favorite boys a little bit? Yes, yes I do. Don't

judge me. I'm not ashamed. lol]

2. Chapter 2

Only when the door closes with a click does Steve realize he's held his breath the entire time. He gasps for air and when Billy looks at him, tries to cover it with an embarrassed laugh.

"Hah, that was weird." He stammers and makes to slide off the counter but Billy holds him back, his hand firm but gentle on his upper arm he locks their eyes.

I'm in danger. Steve thinks because Billy's eyes are wild and hungry, the way they were before, when he put the needle in him. *This is real fucking dangerous.*

But he stays where he is and his heart in his chest is hammering so hard, it feels like it might just break his ribs.

"I'm still not done with you." Billy says, softly this time, like Steve is a small frightened animal he doesn't want to scare away. "I'm serious."

He picks up the vodka bottle again and pushes it gently against Steve's chest.

"Lean back a bit."

At this point Steve's heart has moved on to doing summersaults and he really, really needs to get his buzz back if he wants to make it through whatever is happening right now. He curls one hand around the vodka bottle. It's ice cold and wet with condensation, like it was taken from a freezer not too long ago.

"I think I need some of that after all." He whispers, like he's telling Billy a secret and maybe he is, there are not a lot of things left Steve is still sure of.

"Help yourself." Billy lets go of the vodka.

Steve's eyes are on Billy's when he opens the bottle and puts it to his lips. They are mesmerizing, shimmering electric blue, like there's lightning trapped inside of them and they're looking at him, just him

and nothing else. Like Steve is the only thing that exists in this world. It's intense. Too intense.

He takes a big swing of the vodka and that shit is both cheap and strong, it burns like gasoline going down his throat, stings in his eyes and makes him cough.

"Holy fuck." Steve wheezes and feels the strong liquor settling in his stomach, spreading heat through his veins from there. He holds the bottle up and tries to read the label but all the words are in letters he doesn't know and the only thing he can make out is a number. 58%.

"Told you it was medicine." Billy laughs and pries the bottle from Steve's fingers "Feeling better?"

Steve nods and lets himself be pushed back a little bit until he leans half over the sink. Billy puts his free hand back in his hair to support his head, adjusts the angle the way he needs it.

"This is going to sting a bit. But try not to move, ok?"

"Ok." Steve doesn't know why he trusts Billy and goes along with everything he says but he's seriously too overwhelmed right now, to do anything else. Also, there's a lazy haze settling in his head as the vodka starts working its magic and it makes everything feel kind of really nice.

Steve doesn't think he'll have a problem with staying still and he leans into the other boy's touch like they've already done this a million times. But when Billy pours the clear liquid over his earlobe it stings and burns so much, he can't help but flinch and hiss in pain.

"Did that hurt? Don't worry you're doing good, real good, princess."

Billy rubs his thumb over Steve's cheek soothingly and gives him a bright little smile that makes Steve blush like a virgin on prom night. It distracts him too, which is why he doesn't register what Billy's free hand is doing, until he pulls out the needle with one swift move. It happens so fast that it doesn't hurt at all.

"Tadaa."

Billy holds up the needle in front of Steve's face like he's pulled a magic trick and that makes him laugh and something warm explodes in his chest. Who would've thought Billy could be like that? A slightly twisted type of kind and so damn *charming*.

Steve takes the needle from Billy and rolls it between his fingers with a wondrous smile.

"See? That was easy. You would've saved yourself a lot of trouble if you'd just stayed on the couch and let me go through with it." Billy says, his hand slides out of his hair and comes to rest on the back of Steve's neck like it belongs there.

"I think I like it better this way." Steve hums.

"This way?" Billy's thumb finds his pulse.

"Just the two of us."

"Don't say things like that, Harrington. You're gonna get in trouble." The other boy's voice dips lower, until it's almost a purr.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"What if I was looking for trouble?" Steve sounds a bit shaky because his reason is yelling at him that this is a very bad idea. But his mood is excitingly suicidal tonight and it *feels* like a wonderful idea.

"Harrington, I swear to god." Billy's fingers tighten around the back of his neck.

"Do you really think I'm beautiful?"

"What?"

"You said that earlier." Steve looks up and directly into Billy's eyes, he holds his gaze, basking in its fire.

"You heard that?" he gives him a devilish grin.

"Do you, though?"

"Yeah, yeah I do. I think your beautiful Harrington. You're so damn pretty, I wanna punch you in the face all the time."

"Jesus. Can't you think of anything better to do with my face?"

Billy groans.

"I can think of lots of things Harrington." He says and then he pulls Steve in and crashes their lips in a kiss.

Steve's heart has grown hummingbird wings and they flutter against the inside of his ribcage and almost up his throat when he opens his mouth for the other boy eagerly, accepts his tongue and presses his own against it full of greed and need and other things storming in his chest he can't name. He pushes his fingers into those soft, stupid curls he wanted to shave off less than an hour ago and tugs, edging Billy on to deepen the kiss until he sinks his teeth into Steve's bottom lip with a visceral growl.

The bite isn't hard enough to break the skin but hard enough to hurt and Steve moans into the kiss, electrified with the pain.

Billy absolutely loses it at this point. He shoves Steve back until he's half lying on the counter, half popped up on his elbows and practically climbs on top of him as far as the small space allows. And Steve loves it, the way their bodies press into each other and their breath mixes when they pull apart for a second, only to merge into another kiss before the other's saliva can get cold on their lips.

He fists the fabric of Billy's shirt, pulls him even closer, slips his hands into the opening, feeling the smooth skin over hard muscles. Hargrove's breath stutters at that and he pulls away to look at Steve with blown pupils.

"Fuck, Harrington..." Billy rasps, the fire in his eye growing into an inferno, its flames licking at Steve's mind and eating away at his sanity. "Do you even know what you do to me? Do you know the things I wanna do to you?"

"Tell me."

"I want to defile you." Billy moans and it sounds pained and crazy with want "I want to mess you up. I want to fuck you until the only thing you can remember is how to cry my name when I break you with my cock."

"Oh god, fuck!" Steve chokes out because the words go straight to his dick and he's so painfully hard inside his jeans that the part of his brain responsible for rational thinking is shutting down for good. "Lock the damn door. DO IT NOW."

Billy moves fast but erratic with haste, so he knocks over the vodka bottle on his way to the door and it falls on the tiled bathroom floor where it shatters with a loud crash.

Steve doesn't even care that his liquid courage is gone, all he wants is Billy back and on top of him. As soon as the other boy is done with his task and within arm's length again he hooks his finger through his belt loop and pulls him close, back between his legs where he belongs.

Billy grabs him by the hollow of his knees, wraps Steve's legs around his hips, pulls him close and grinds down, making the other boy feel his own hardness, chasing friction.

Steve's dick twitches, goes impossibly harder when Billy manhandles him so effortlessly and he feels his bulge rub against his through the rough denim. With a small whine coming from the back of his throat, he let's his head fall back and starts rutting up against the other boy. He feels like the need is going to consume him if he breaks contact for even a second.

Billy's mouth finds the curve of Steve's long white neck. He maps the expanse of milky skin with his lips, his tongue, his teeth, writing his name there in red angry bite marks that Steve knows, *feels*, won't fade for more than a week.

Steve wants more, he needs more and his trembling fingers find the buckle of Billy's belt, fumbling with it but slipping off, his fingernail scraping the tented denim.

"You want that?" Billy breathes against his collar bone, rocking his

hips forward, drawing a frustrated little moan from Steve's lips. "Gotta ask for it, princess. Just gotta ask and it's all yours."

"Billy..." Steve whines "Please."

He feels Billy shudder against him with that last word and the other boy's teeth sink into the flesh of his shoulder one last time before he straightens himself, leaving Steve on the counter, looking up. The empty space between them feels cold with the sudden distance.

Billy gives him a look so full of sin and dark promises it could make an angel fall and opens his belt with a small metallic clink. Steve realizes he's being seduced, he's letting himself be seduced and maybe that's what's been going on between them all this time. Maybe Billy's been playing the long game with him and Steve's been a willing participant from the start.

He watches with silent anticipation as Billy works his fly open button by button, giving him a little show until his dick springs free from its reins. Steve feels his jaw drop. Shit, Hargrove's cock is big, thick and veiny, curving up against his flat, hard stomach, already fully erect.

"See that?" Billy whispers and curls his big hand around his shaft, drawing it up in one slow motion. "It's all for you. Everything for my princess."

Steve has lost his tongue again so he just nods because yes, yes this is his and his alone and he can feel his own dick leak through his boxers and into his jeans, that's how turned on he is.

"Undress."

The command makes Steve's stomach lurch and he follows it promptly, pulling his shirt over his head in an erratic move and flinging it to the side. Billy is panting like a hungry wolf and when Steve doesn't manage to open his fly right away, his hands are on his jeans within a second, yanking them off with a pull so powerful it lifts Steve off the counter, and takes his underwear with it. His bare ass smacks back onto the cold marble with a slap when Billy lets go so he can wrestle one leg free.

Hargrove takes half a step back to admire Steve, naked and flushed, his legs spread and his erection standing out red against his pale skin.

Steve bites his lower lip and gazes up at Billy through his dark lashes, giving him his best sullen look. Two can play this game. He's entirely unashamed of how slutty that must seem because he's so high on how much Billy wants him, he feels like he's floating on thin air.

A bead of precome forms on the fat head of Billy's dick and he runs his index and middle finger up and over his slit, gathering up the milky substance. Then he presses the digits against Steve's lips.

Without even thinking twice about it he opens his mouth and lets Billy slide them in. He tastes the salty bitterness of Billy's cum but also the faint aroma of vodka and the leather of his belt as Hargrove shoves the fingers in his mouth so deep it makes him gag.

"Come on! Suck 'em. Make 'em wet. Yeah, just like that!" Billy growls as he takes control over Steve's mouth, playing roughly with his tongue until he's drooling from the corners of his mouth.

Only when Steve starts wheezing and then coughing does Billy stop and pulls his fingers out, glistening with spit. Steve's vision is blurry with the water that has gathered in his eyes as Hargrove slides his fingers down and presses them against the bud of his hole.

A surprised little yelp escapes Steve when Billy pushes in, shoving in both fingers to the knuckles. The unfamiliar stretch and burn makes him squirm but it doesn't feel bad, not at all and when Billy pulls back and then presses in again he already takes the fingers easier.

"God, you're so tight, princess. But you're taking my fingers so good, like a good little bitch. Think you can take my cock? Think I can fit my fat cock in that tight little hole of yours?" Billy rambles and continues to fuck Steve with his fingers relentlessly.

Steve has no words to that. He lets his head loll onto Billy's shoulder like he's a puppet with it's strings cut and breathes out a desperate little whimper, his body slack from the pleasure Hargrove is giving him.

Billy bends his fingers, pushes them upwards and that sends an electric shock through Steve's body and makes him cry out like a wanton whore digging his nails into the other boy's shoulder drawing out a hiss from him in return.

"Fuck, Harrington. You need it bad, don't you? Come on tell me how you need it."

"Bad... I need it..." Steve feels the heat of a building orgasm coiling in his groin, his skin is too tight, his vision is swimming. He's so close he can barely take it. "Billy, I need it... I wanna come!"

He feels hot tears falling from the corners of his eyes and Hargrove leans in and runs his tongue up the side of his face licking them up.

"So pretty, so sweet." Billy whispers, then and wraps one big hand around Steve's Neck. His grip is just firm enough to make Steve feel his strength and the press of his calloused fingers on soft skin but without choking him, only letting him know that he could if he wanted to. It's a show of dominance and possession and it pushes Steve over the edge, makes him come with his back arched and his eyes rolling up. And Billy's got him, holds him tight as he shudders through his orgasm, small, wounded noises falling from his lips, spilling his seed over the other boy's hand and his own belly in hot spurts.

Billy lets go of him and he sinks back against the mirror, his skin squeaking on the glass as he slides down, boneless with postcoital bliss. Lazily Steve watches the other boy fisting his big angry erection, fucking into the touch violently.

"So good, so perfect. Stay like this." Billy pants, bringing himself to his release.

It's a sight to behold, Billy's curls clinging to his forehead with sweat, his eyes ablaze, his mouth red and slack with pleasure.

"Gonna fuck you for real next time. Gonna ruin you for life."

He comes hard and fast after a few thrusts and shoots all over Steve's chest, hitting him with cum all the way up to his chin. And if Steve

could he'd come again just from the sight, because Billy is beautiful like that, wild and feral and untamed and it's the hottest thing he's ever seen.

Hargrove collapses onto him after that and they stay like that for a few moments, the skin of their naked chests sticking together with sweat and cum.

After a while Billy starts rubbing his face against Steve's and that feels kinda nice so Steve rubs back and they do that for a bit, brushing skin with skin, touching noses, Steve feels Billy's long lashes flutter against his cheek, his poorly shaven stubble scratching his own smooth skin. It's a moment of bliss in a world of chaos Steve didn't expect to find ever again after the debacle with Nance.

Eventually someone starts banging on the door shouting "Hey, are you taking a dump in there?" in a drunken slur, breaking the moment.

Billy pulls back with a sigh and a soft curse. He looks at Steve for a second and then away, fumbling with his earring. And to Steve's absolute surprise he's blushing. Fucking Hargrove is fucking blushing and he's got no idea why now, *after* the things they've done.

"I was gonna put a saftey pin in that, you know? But you deserve better, princess. Can't put a safety pin in your pretty, precious ear now, can I?" He rambles and takes his earring out.

It's a tiny silver dagger on a small hoop and Steve can hear it jingle when Billy sticks it through the hole in his earlobe. It sounds like a bell ringing in his ear but that's because his heart is standing completely still and there are no other sounds reaching him in that moment. It hurts more than the needle going in or out, WAY more. But it's a different kind of pain this time. It's a welcome pain, a burn and a sting that mean something.

Only when he's done does Billy look at him again and his eyes are big and young and vulnerable and filled with something that resembles hope. Steve's hand is trembling when he touches the earring, hears the little jingle again.

"Don't even think about taking that out." Billy says with a pout and a hint of insecurity.

"It's yours..." Steve says dumbly.

"Yeah, well whatever. Earrings come in pairs, dipshit. It's not like I don't have the other one at home. So shut up." Billy grates out and looks away again, embarrassed.

Steve puts his hand on the other boy's cheek gingerly and turns his face around so they look at each other again, then he plants a small kiss on Billy's mouth.

"Everyone will know." he whispers on the other's lips, breathless and full of awe.

"Good." Billy's voice is firm, defiant. His forehead touches Steve's. "Let them."

In that moment Steve realizes that he's done for. That he's free falling. Falling for Billy Hargrove.

- The End -

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading! Hope you liked it! Let me know if you'd b interested in a possible sequel, there's some vague ideas floating in my head...

I wanna send a heartfelt thanks to everyone who took their time to leave a comment your feedback is what keeps me writing and I really appreciate it! <3

And of course a big thank you to everyone who left a kudos/subscription/bookmark. You guys rock!

If you like, visit my [tumblr](#) for more writing, harringrove related stuff and general 80s aesthetics. It's open for asks and occasional prompts. Fic updates

go there as well. ^^